THE MUSES Looking-Glasse.

By *T. R.*

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THE

MUSES

Darling.

THE Muſes Looking-Glaſſe.

Actus 1. *Scen.* 1.

Enter

Bird *a Feather-man, and Mrs* Flowrdew, *wife to a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares; the one having brought Feathers to the Play-houſe; the other Pins and Looking-glaſſes; two of the ſanctified fraternity of* Black-Fryers.

Flowrdew, See brother how the wicked throng and crowd,
To works of Vanity! not a nook, or corner
In all this houſe of ſin, this cave of filthyneſſe,
This den of ſpirituall theeves, but it is ſtufft,
Stuffed, and ſtufft full as is a cuſhion
With the lewd Reprobate.

Bird. Siſter, were there not before Innes,
Yes, I will ſay Innes, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour ſuch
As travell'd to deſtruction the broad way;

But they build more and more, more ſhops of Satan.
Flowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huffe, puffe, and ſtnuffe at it, yet ſtill,
Still it aboundeth. Had we ſeen a Church,
A new built Church erected North and South,
It had been ſomething worth the wondring at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Flowrd. I ſay no works are good,
Good works are meerly Popiſh, and Apocryphall.
Bird. But th'bad abound, ſurround, yea and confound (us.
No marvell now if Play-houſes increaſe,
For they are all grown ſo obſcene of late,
That one begets another.
Flowrd. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle..
Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a----Tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you ſell pins.
Flowrd. Or you ſell feathers brother,
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partiall,
And findes it but Chance-medly: And their Comedies
Will abuſe you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increaſe
By lawfull uſury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our falſe wares, nor keep our wives
Finer then others, but our ghoſts muſt walk
Upon their ſtages.
Flowrd. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghoſts to walk ere we be dead?
Bird. Thats nothing Miſtris *Flowrdew*, they will play

Th:

The knave, the fool, the divell, and all for money.

Flow. Impiety! O that men indued with reaſon
Should have no more grace in them?

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honeſt?
Baylies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitors,
Beadles, and Martials men, the needfull inſtruments
Of the Republique; but to make themſelves
Such Monſters? for they are monſters, th'are monſters,
Baſe, ſinfull, ſhameleſſe, ugly, vile deform'd
Pernitious monſters?

Flow. I have heard our Vicar
Call Play-houſes the Colledges of tranſgreſſion,
Wherein the ſeven deadly ſins are ſtudied.

Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An univerſity of iniquity.
We dwell by *Black-Fryers* Colledge, where I wonder
How that prophane neſt of pernitious Birds
Dare rooſt themſelves there in the midſt of us,
So many good and well diſpoſed perſons.
O Impudence?

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning Play-houſes,

Bird. For charity what is it?

Flow. That the *Globe*,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been conſum'd? The *Phœnix* burn't to Aſhes.
The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Black-Fryers*
He wonders how it ſcap'd demoliſhing
I'th' time of reformation: Laſtly he wiſh'd
The *Bull* might croſſe the *Thames* to the *Bear-Garden*,
And there be ſoundly baited?

Bird. A good prayer.

Flow. Indeed it ſomething pricks my conſcience,
I come to ſell 'em Pins and Looking-glaſſes.
Bird. I have their cuſtome too for all their Feathers;
Tis fit that we which are ſincere Profeſſors
Should gain by Infidels.

Scen. 2.

Enter Roſcius a Player.

Mr. *Roſcius* we hav'brought the things you ſpake for.
Roſc. Why tis well.
Flow. Pray Sir what ſerve they for?
Roſc We uſe them in our play.
Bird. Are you a player?
Roſc. I am Sir, what of that?
Bird. And is it lawfull?
Good ſiſter lets convert him. Will you uſe
So fond a calling?
Flow. And ſo impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Flow. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Flow. To live by ſin?
Roſc. My ſpleen is up: And live not you by ſin?
Take away vanity and you both may break.
What ſerves your lawfull trade of ſelling Pins,
But to joynt gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, ſtrips; neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other ſuch like toyes as theſe,
To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?
And you ſweet Featherman, whoſe ware though light,
Oreweighs your conſcience, what ſerves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,

To

To deck vain-glory? ſpoiling the Peacocks tail
T' adorn an Idiots Coxcomb: O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis underſtood what we do mean
For good and honeſt! They abuſe our Scene,
And ſay we live by vice: indeed tis true
As the Phyſitians by diſeaſes do,
Only to cure them: They do live we ſee
Like Cooks by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accuſers. On the ſtage
We ſet an Uſurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his ſoul: A prodigall
Is taught by us how far from liberall
His folly bears him: Boldly I dare ſay
There has been more by us in ſome one Play
Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from ſin,
And foppiſh humours; Hence the cauſe doth riſe
Men are not wonne by th'ears ſo well as eies.
Firſt ſee what we preſent.

Flow. The ſight is able
To unſanctifie our eyes, and make 'em carnall.

Roſe. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No Siſter, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the ſtrength of this temptation:
Satan ſhall ſee we dare defie his Engines.

Flow. I am content.

Roſe. Then take your places here, I will come to you
And moralize the plot.

Flow. That moralizing
I do approve, it may be for inſtruction.

Scen. 3.

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. Roſcius, I hear you have a new Play to day.

Roſc. We want not you to play *Mephoſtophelis.*
A pretty naturall vizard!

Defor. What have you there?

Roſc. A Looking-glaſſe, or two.

Defor. What things are they?
Pray let me ſee them. Heaven, what ſights are here?
I'ave ſeen a Divell. Looking-glaſſes call you them?
There is no Baſiliske but a Looking-glaſſe.

Roſc. Tis your own face you ſaw.

Defor. My own? thou lieſt;
I'de not be ſuch a Monſter for the world.

Roſc. Look in it now with me, what ſeeſt thou now?

Defor. An Angell and a divell.

Roſc. Look on that
Thou caldſt an Angell, mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face?

Defor. As were the ſame.

Roſc. Why ſo is that like thine. Doſt thou not ſee,
Tis not the glaſſe but thy deformity
That makes this ugly ſhape; if they be fair
That view the Glaſſe, ſuch the reflections are.
This ſerves the body: The ſoul ſees her face
In Comedy, and has no other glaſſe.

Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather ſee
Hell then a Looking-glaſſe or Comedy.

Exit Defor.

Roſc And yet me thinks if 'twere not for this Glaſſe,
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,

We

We could not finde another way to ſee
How neer our ſhapes approach Divinity.
Ladies, let they who will your glaſſe deride,
And ſay it is an inſtrument of Pride:
I will commend you for it; there you ſee
If yee be fair, how truly fair ye be:
Where finding beauteous faces, I do know
You'l have the greater care to keep them ſo.
A heavenly viſion in your beauty lyes,
Which nature hath denyed to your own eyes;
Were it not pitty you alone ſhould be
Debarr'd of that others are bleſt to ſee?
Then take your glaſſes, and your ſelves enjoy
The benefit of your ſelves; it is no toy,
Though ignorance at ſlight eſteem hath ſet her,
That will preſerve us good or make us better.
A Country ſlut, (for ſuch ſhe was, though here
Ith' City may be ſome as well as there:)
Kept her hands clean, (for thoſe being alwayes ſeen
Had told her elſe how ſluttiſh ſhe had been)
But had her face as naſty as the ſtall
Of a fiſhmonger, or a uſurers Hall
Daub'd ore with dirt: One might have dar'd to ſay
She was a true piece of *Promæthcus* clay,
Not yet inform'd; And then her unkemb'd hair
Dreſt up with cobwebs, made her hag-like ſtare.
One day within her pail (for Country Laſſes
(Fair Ladies) have no other Looking-glaſſes:)
She ſpied her uglineſſe, and fain ſhe would
Have bluſht if thorough ſo much dirt ſhe could:
Aſham'd, within that water, that I ſay
Which ſhew'd her filth, ſhe waſht her filth away.
So Comedies, as Poets do intend them,

Serve

Serve firſt to ſhew our falts, and then to mend them,
Upon our ſtage two glaſſes oft there be,
The Comick Mirrour, and the Tragedy:
The Comick glaſſe is full of merry ſtrife,
The low reflection of a County life.
Grave Tragedy void of ſuch homely ſports
Is the ſad glaſſe of Cities and of Courts.
Ile ſhew you both, *Thalia* come and bring
Thy Buskin'd ſiſter, that of Bloud doth ſing.

Scen. 4.

Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satyre.

Comed WHy do you ſtop? go on.
Trag. I charge him ſtay.
My robe of ſtate, Buskins, and Crown of gold
Claim a priority.
Com. Your Crown of Gold
Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of Lawrell
Is vertues Diadem: This grew green and flouriſh'd
When nature pittying poor mortality,
Hid thine within the bowels of the earth:
Men looking up to heaven found this thats mine,
Digging to finde out hell they li't on thine.
Trag. I know you 'have tongue enough.
Com. Beſides, my Birth-right
Gives me the firſt poſſeſſion.
Trag. How, your Birth-right?
Com. Yes ſiſter, Birth right: and a Crown beſides,
Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*
By his dear Prieſt *Phenomoe*, ſhe that firſt
Full of her, God rag'd in Heroique numbers.
Trag. How came it then the Magiſtrate decreed

A publique charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,
When you were fain t' appear in raggs and tatters,
And at your own expences?
Come. My reward
Came after, my deserts went before yours.
Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsie
You took a poor and beggarly Pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then
As a fit ceremony of Religion
In my full state contended at the Tomb
Of mighty *Theseus*.
Come. I before that time
Did chaunt out Hymnes in praise of great *Apollo*,
The sheepherd's Deitie, whom they reverence
Under the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
How with them once he kept *Admetus* sheep.
And 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins
You had no ornaments, no robes of state,
No rich and glorious Scene; your first Benefactors
Who were they, but the reeling Priests of *Bacchus*:
For which a Goat gave you reward and name?
Trag. But fisher who were yours, I pray, but such
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets;
In honour of the fine chast god *Priapus*?
Come. Let age alone, merit must plead out Title.
Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperours
From their close cabinets, and Councell Tables
Yeild me the fatall matter of my Scene.
Come. Inferiour persons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitfull,)
Yeild subjects various enough to move

Plentifull

Plentifull laughter.

Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For Poetry to aym at.

Com. Yes, Laughter is my object: 'tis a property
In man eſſentiall to his reaſon.

Trag. So;
But I move horrour; and that frights the guilty
From his dear ſins: he that ſees *Oedipus*
Inceſtuous, ſhall behold him blind withall.
Who views *Oreſtes* as a Parricide,
Shall ſee him laſh'd with *Furies* too; Th'Ambitious
Shall fear *Prometheus* Vultur; Daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the ſight of *Tantalus*:
And every family great in ſins as bloud
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* houſe.
Who will rely on Fortunes giddy ſmile
That hath ſeen *Priam* acted on the ſtage?

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with ſhame,
A thing more powerfull in a generous breſt.
Who ſees an eating Parafite abus'd;
A covetous Bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant Gull
Cheated; a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffl'd;
A crafty ſervant whipt; a niggard churl
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his ſonne;
A ſpruce fantaſtique Courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous Tradeſman, an over-weening Lady,
Or corrupt Lawyer rightly perſonated,
But (if he have a bluſh) will bluſh, and ſhame
As well to act thoſe follies as to own them.

Trag. The ſubject of my Scene is in the perſons
Greater, as in the vices; Atheiſts, Tyrants,
O're-daring Favourites, Traitors, Paraſites,
The Wolves and Cats of ſtate, which in a language

High

High as the men, and lowd as are their crimes
I thunder forth with terrour and amazement
Unto the gaſtly wondring Audience.
Satyre. And as my Lady takes deſerved place
Of thy light Miſtris, ſo yeild thou to me,
Fantaſtique *Mime.*
Mime. Fond *Satyre* why to thee?
Sat. As the attendant of the nobler Dame,
And of my ſelf more worthy.
Mime. How! more worthy?
Sat. As one whoſe whip of ſteel can with a laſh
Imprint the Characters of ſhame ſo deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud ſin,
That not eternity ſhall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow,
Each conſcious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill ſoul; while every guilty breſt
Stood fearfull of diſſection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hand;
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of ſin
By it laid open to the publike ſcorn.
I have untruſs'd the proudeſt; greateſt tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, half dead
With expectation of the ſmarting jerk,
Whoſe wound no ſalve can cure: each blow doth leave
A laſting ſcar, that with a poyſon eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th'eternall ulcer to their memories!
What can your Apiſh-fine geſticulations
My manlike-Monky *Mime*, vie down to this?
Mime. When men through ſins were grown unlike the Gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

My Apish imitation, Brother Bedle,
Does as good service to reform bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his ferks, and jerks.
The *Spartans* when they strove t'expresse the loathsomenesse
Of Drunkennesse to their children. brought a slave,
Some captive *Helot*, overcharg'd with wine
Reeling in thus;—His eyes shot out with staring,
A fire in his nose, a burning rednesse
Blazing in either cheek, his hair upright,
His tongue and sences faltring, and his stomack
O'reburden'd ready to discharge her load
In each mans face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.
Would I expresse a complemental youth,
That thinks himself a spruce and expert Courtier,
Bending his supple hammes, kissing his hands,
Honouring Shooestrings, scruing his writh'd face
To severall postures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?
Yet such there be that very much please themselves
In such like Antique humours. To our own sins
We will be Moles, even to the grossest of 'em:
But in anothers life we can spy forth
The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as Eagles,
Or the *Epidaurean* serpent: Now in me,
Where self-love casts not her *Egyptian* mists,
They finde this mis-becoming foppishnesse,
And afterwards apply it to themselves:
This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.
Trag. Sister let's lay this poor contention by,
And friendly live together, if one womb

Could

Could hold us both, why ſhould we think this room
Too narrow to contain us? On this ſtage
Wee'l plead a tryall; and in one year contend
Which ſhall do beſt: that paſt, ſhe then that ſhall
By the moſt ſacred and impartiall judgement
Of our *Apollo*, beſt deſerve the Bayes,
Shall hold th' entire poſſeſſion of the place.
Come I were unworthy if I ſhould
Appeal from his tribunall; Be it ſo:
I doubt not but his cenſure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's ſad and tragicall
Dare to approach his preſence; let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miſery.
Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only ſee,
Not be the ſubject of a Tragedy!
Siſter, a truce till then; that vice may bleed,
Let us joyn whips together.
Come. Tis agreed.
Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The Maſque which we intended:
Mime. Tis my care.

Exeunt.

Flowr. How did ſhe ſay? a Maſſe? Brother fly hence,
Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.
Roſci. It was a Maſque ſhe ſpake of, a rude Dance
Preſented by the ſeven deadly ſins.
Bird. Still 'tis a Maſſe, ſiſter, away, I tell you
It is a Maſſe, a Maſſe of vile Idolatry.
Roſci Tis but a ſimple Dance, brought in to ſhew
The native foulneſſe and deformity
Of our dear ſin, and what an ugly gueſt.

He

He entertains, admits him to his breſt!

Song and Dance.

Say, in a Dance how ſhall we go,
That never could a meaſure know!
How ſhall we ſing to pleaſe the Scene
That never yet could keep a mean?
Diſorder is the Maſque we bring,
And diſcords are the Tunes we ſing.
No ſound in our harſh ears can finde a place
But higheſt Trebles, or the loweſt Baſe.

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and conſciences
Had not been ſear'd, and cauterized, how could they
Affect theſe filthy harbingers of hell!
Theſe Proctors of *Belzebub*, *Luciſer's* Hinch-boyes!
Roſc. I pray ye ſtirre your ſelves within a while.

Exeunt.

Roſcius Solus.

And here, unleſſe your favourable mildneſſe
With hope of mercy do encourage us,
Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture
Neither what's paſt, nor that which is to come
Upon his Country, 'tis ſo weak, and impotent
It cannot ſtand a tryall; nor dares hope
The benefit of his Clergy; But if rigour
Sit Iudge, muſt of neceſſity be condemn'd
To *Vulcan* or the Spunge: All he can plead
Is a deſire of Pardon; for he brings you

No

No plot at all, but a meer *Olla Podrida*,
A medly of ill plac'd, and worse pen'd humours.
His desire was in single Scenes to shew
How Comedy presents each single vice
Ridiculous, whose number as their Character
He borrows from the man to whom he ows
All the poor skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
Now if you can endure to hear the rest,
Y'are welcome; if you cannot, do but tell
Your meaning by some sign, and all farewell.
If you will stay resolve to pardon first;
Our Author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he misse a Pardon, as in justice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may;
Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,
That he picks forth a subject of his Rime
May lose perchance his credit, not his time.

Finis Actus 1. *Exit.*

ACTVS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscius. Bird. Flowrdew.

Rose. REceive your places. The first that wee present are the Extreames of a vertue necessary in our Conversation, call'd Comitas or Courtesie, which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The one Colax, that to seeme over Courteous falls, into a servile flattery; the other, (as fooles fall into the contraries which they shunne) is Discolus, who hating to be a slavish Parasite, growes into peevishnesse and impertinent distaste.

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue.

Rosc. So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter.

Colax. Dyscolus.

Colax. How far they sin against humanity
That use you thus! Believe me 'tis a symptom
Of Barbarisme, and rudenesse, so to vex
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.
Dysco. Why dost thou vex me then?
Colax. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise,
So pious and religious, so admir'd,
So lov'd of all?
Dys. Wilt thou not leave me then
Eternall torture? could your cruelty finde
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all these Epithites?
Pious? Religious? he takes me for a fool.
Vertuous? and just? Sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me just,
And vertuous? I am grown the common scoffe
Of all the world; the scoffe of all the world!
Colax. The world is grown too vile then.
Dysc. So art thou.
Heaven! I am turn' ridiculous!
Colax. You rediculous?
But 'tis an impious Age; There was a time,
(And pitty 'tis so good a time had wings
To flye away,) when reverence was payd
To a gray head; 'twas held a sacriledge
Not expiable to deny respect
To one, Sir, of your years and gravity.
Dysc. My years and gravity! Why, how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank

As I should smell oth'grave: O times and manners!
Well *Colax*, well; go on: ye may abuse me,
Poor dust and ashes, worms meat, years and gravity;
He takes me for a Careasse! what see you
So crazy in me? I have halfe my teeth:
I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too
With th'benefit of my staffe, mark if I cannot!---
But you sir at your pleasure with years and gravity
Think me decrepit.
Colax. How? Decrepit sir!
I see young roses bud within your cheeks;
And a quick active bloud run free and fresh
Thorough your veins.
Dysco. I am turn'd boy again!
A very stripling school-boy! have I not
The Itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams?
Colax. Still *Dyscolus*?----
Dysc. *Dyscolus*! and why *Dyscolus*? when were we
Grown so familiar? *Dyscolus*! by my name
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Orestes*! are we not?
Speak good *Pylades*.
Colax. Nay worthy Sir
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. Ile finde some other name
To call you by---
Dysc. What do you mean to call me?
Foole? Asse? or Knave? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd on't.
Colax. Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.
Dysco. Iealous? I ha'not cause for't, my wifes honest;
Dost see my horns? Dost? if thou doest,

Write Cuckold in my forehead; do, write Cuckold
With *Aqua-fortis*, do. Iealous! I am jealous;
Free of the Company! wife, I am jealous.
Colax. I mean ſuſpitious.
Dyſc. How! ſuſpitious?
For what? for treaſon, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the Iuſtice: bind me over
For a ſuſpitious perſon: hang me too
For a ſuſpitious perſon! O, O, O,
Some courteous plague ceaze me, and free my ſoule
From this immortall torment! every thing
I meet with, is vexation, and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations,
The Hell of Hells, and Divell of all Divells.
Flow. For pitty ſake fret not the good old Gentleman
Diſc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you muſt adde to my affliction?
Eternall ſilence ceaze you!
Colax. Sir we ſtrive
To pleaſe you, but you ſtill miſconſtrue us.
Diſc. I muſt be pleaſ'd! a very babe, an infant!
I muſt be pleaſ'd! give me ſome pappe, or plums!
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horſe,
To ſtill me, do! be pleaſ'd? wouldſt have me get
A Paraſite to be flatter'd?
Col. How? a Paraſite?
A cogging, flatt'ring, ſlaviſh Paraſite?
Things I abhorre and hate. Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls below reaſon will not ſtoop ſo low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by anothers wheele. They have no paſſions
Free to themſelves. All their affections,

Qualities

Qualities, humors, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts
Are but anothers Bondman. Let me tugg
At the Turks Gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a Quarry: In this state my minde
Is free: A flatterer has nor soul nor body;
What shall I say? ---No I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveneſſe take distaſte
At such whoſe servile nature ſtrives to pleaſe you.
'Tis royall in you Sir.
Dyſc. Ha! whats that?
Colax. A feather ſtuck upon your cloak.
Dyſc. A feather!
And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why ſhould you hinder me from telling th'world
I do not lye on flock-beds?
Colax. Pray be pleaſ'd.
I bruſht it off for meer reſpect I bare to you.
Dyſc. Reſpect! a fine reſpect, Sir, is it not,
To make the world beleeve I nouriſh vermine?
O death, death, death, if that our greves hatch worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'um have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object
But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
A man; I could not then be ſo rediculous:
My ears are overgrown, I am an Aſſe;
It is my ears they gaze at. What ſtrange *Harty*,
Centaure or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into?
What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphoſis?
If I be a beaſt, ſhe might have made me Lyon,
Or ſomething not ridiculous! O *Acteon*,
If I doe branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why looke they on me elſe? There is within

A glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it;
That shall resolve me. I will in to see
Whether or no, I man or monster be. *Exit.*

SCEN. 2.

To them *Deilus. Aphobus.*

Bird. Who be these? They look like presumption, and Dispaire.

Rosc. And such they are. That is *Aphobus*, *one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other Deilus, that from an Atheisticall distruct, shakes at the motion of a reed. These are the extreams of Fortitude, that steers an even course between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.*

Flow. Why stayes this reprobate *Colax?*

Rosc. Any vice
Yeilds work for flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine, mark it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
To me the meer relation is an ague.
Good *Aphobus* no more such terrible stories;
I would not for a world lye alone to night:
I shall have such strange dreams!

Apho. What can there be
That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good,
Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no Gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they Divells
That must affright me?

Deilus. Divells! where good *Aphobus?*
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;

Now

Now it is here again! O ſtill, ſtill, ſtill.
Apho. Whats the matter?
Deilus. Still it followes me!
The thing in black, behind; ſoon as the Sun
But ſhines, it haunts me? Gentle ſpirit leave me!
Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*: what an ugly looks it has!
With eyes as big as ſawcers, noſtrils wider
Then Barbers baſons!
Apho. Tis nothing *Deilus*
But your weak phancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing—
Deil. Where is it *Aphobus*?
Apho. —Is but your ſhadow *Deilus*.
Deil. And ſhould we not fear ſhadowes?
Apho. No! why ſhould we?
Deil. Who knows but they come fearing after us
To ſteal away the ſubſtance? Watch him *Aphobus*.
Apho. I nothing fear.
Colax. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great ſoul faſt as a Center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers; let ſlight cock-boats
Be ſhaken with a wave, while you ſtand firm
Like an undaunted rock, whoſe conſtant hardneſſe
Rebeats the fury of the raging ſea,
Daſhing it into froth. Baſe fear doth argue
A low degenerate ſoul.
Deil. Now I fear every thing.
Colax. Tis your diſcretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wiſedom: Tis a ſymptome
Of wary providence. His too confident raſhneſſe
Argues a ſtupid ignorance in the ſoul,
A blind and ſenſeleſſe judgement; give me fear

To man the fort, 'tis ſuch a circumſpect
And wary Sentinell---
Flowrd. Now ſhame take thee for
A Luke warm formaliſt.
Colax. ---But daring valour
Vncapable of danger ſleeps ſecurly,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deil. What are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies
That *Colax* talks of.
Apho. If they be I care not;
Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder,
Deil. Why do you not fear thunder?
Apho. Thunder? no!
No more than ſquibs and crackers.
Deil. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here! s'lid, ſquibs and crackers!
The meer Epitomies of the Gun powder Treaſon,
Faux in a leſſer volume.
Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded ſtars, it is all one to me
As if they had been ſhav'd---thus, thus would I
Out beard a Meteour, for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.
Deil. Is there a Comet ſay you? Nay, I ſaw it,
It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends
Some certain emminent danger to th'inhabitants
Twixt thoſe two places: I'le go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. Will that ſerve? ---I fear
It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdom.
Deil. I'le to ſome other Country.

Colax.

Colax. There's danger to croſſe the Seas.
Deil. Is there no way, good *Colax*,
To croſſe the Sea by Land? O the ſcituation!
The horrible ſcituation of an Iſland!
Colax. You ſir are far above ſuch frivolous thoughts.
You fear not death.
Apho. Not I.
Col. Not ſudden death.
Apho. No more than ſudden ſleeps: Sir I dare dye.
Deil. I dare not; Death to me is terrible:
I will not dye.
Apho. How can you Sir prevent it?
Deil. Why, I will kill my ſelfe.
Col. A valiant courſe;
And the right way to prevent death indeed.
Your ſpirit is true Roman! —But yours greater
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it,
Should heaven fall——
Apho. Why, then we ſhould have Larks.
Deil. I ſhall never eat Larks again while I breath.
Col. Or ſhould the earth yawn like a ſepulchre,
And with an open throat ſwallow you quicke?
Apho. T'would ſave me the expences of a grave.
Deil. I'had rather trouble my Executors by th'halfe.
Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.
Deil. Pot-guns to me
Are Cannons; the report will ſtrike me dead.
Apho. R Rapier's but a bodkin.
Deil. And a bodkin,
It is a moſt dangerous weapon; ſince I read
Of *Julius Cæſars* death, I durſt not venture
Into a Taylors ſhop for fear of bodkins.
Apho. O that the valiant Gyants ſhould again

Rebell

Rebell againſt the Gods, and beſiege Heaven,
So I might be their leader.
Col. Had *Encladus*
Been halfe ſo valiant, *Jove* had been his priſoner.
Apho. Why ſhould we think there be ſuch things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python are but fables.
Medeas Bull, and Dragon very tales.
Sea-Monſters, ſerpents, all Poeticall figments.
Nay Hell it ſelfe, and *Acheron* meer inventions,
Or were they true, as they are falſe, ſhould I be
So timerous as to fear theſe Bug bear Harpyes,
Meduſas, Centaurs, Gorgons?
Deil. O good *Aphobus*,
Leave conjuring, or take me into th'circle.
What ſhall I do good *Colax?*
Col. Sir walke in,
There is, they ſay, a Looking-glaſſe, a ſtrange one
Of admirable vertues, that will render you
Free from inchantments.
Deil. How! a Looking-glaſſe?
Doſt think I can endure it? why there lyes
A man within't in ambuſh to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he preſently
Catcht at it,
Colax. 'Twas the ſhadow Sir of your ſelfe.
Truſt me a meer reflexion.
Deil. I will truſt thee. *Exit.*
Apho. What Glaſſe is that?
Colax. A trick to fright the Idiot
Out of his wits, a Glaſſe ſo full of dread,
Rendring unto the eye ſuch horrid ſpectacles
As would amaze even you. Sir I do think

Your

Your optick nerves would shrink in the beholding:
This if your eye endure, I will confesse you
The Prince of Eagles.
Apho. Look to it eyes, if ye refuse this sight,
My nayls shall damne you to eternall night. *Exit.*
Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCEN. 3.

Acolastus. Anaisthetus.

Rosci. *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures, when they are present, and a moderate desire of them being absent; And these are the extreams of that vertue.* Acolastus *a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd desire seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawfull. The other* Anaisthetus *a meer* Anchorite *that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*
Acolast. O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wish'd but a Cranes short neck;
Give me one, nature, long as is a Caqle,
Or sounding-line, and all the way a palate
To taste my meat the longer. I would have
My senses feast together; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
In joy their happinesse; lay me in a bed
Made of a summers cloud; to my embraces
Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteen,
Fresh, plump, and active; she that *Mars* enjoy'd
Is grown too stale: And then at the same instant

My

My touch is pleaſ'd, I would delight my ſight
With pictures of *Diana*, and her Nymphs,
Naked, and bathing, drawn by ſome *Apelles*;
By them ſome of our faireſt Virgins ſtand;
That I may ſee whether 'tis Art or Nature
Which heightens moſt my bloud and appetite.
Noe ceaſe I here. Give me the ſeven Orbs
To charm my ears with their cœleſtiall lutes,
To which the Angels that do move thoſe ſphears
Shall ſing ſome amorous ditty; nor yet here
Fix I my bounds; The ſun himſelfe ſhall fire
The Phœnix neſt to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the Bird, and eternally
Quaffe of eternall Nectar. Theſe ſingle, are
But torments, but together, O together!
Each is a Paradice. Having got ſuch objects
To pleaſe the ſenſes, give me ſenſes too
Fit to receive thoſe objects: Give me therefore
An Eagls eye, a bloud-hounds curious ſmell,
A Stages quick hearing, let my feeling be
As ſubtile as the ſpiders, and my taſte
Sharp as a Squirrils: Then I'le read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promiſes in future
I'le practiſe in the preſent.

Bird. Heatheniſh Glutton!

Flow. Baſe belly-God, licentious Libertine!

Anai. And I do think there is no pleaſure at all
But in contemning pleaſures; Happy *Niobe*
And bleſſed *Daphne*, and all ſuch as are
Turn'd ſtocks and ſtones: would I were Lawrell too,
Or marble, I, or any thing inſenſible.
It is a toyle for me to eat or drink,
Only for natures ſatisfaction;

Would

Would I could live without it. To my ear
Muſick is but a mandrake. To my ſmell
Nard ſents of rue, and wormwood; And I taſte
Nectar with as much loathing, and diſtaſte
As gall, or alloes, or my Doctors potion.
My eye can meet no object but I hate it.
Acola. Come brother Stoique be not ſo melancholy.
Anti. Be not ſo fooliſh brother *Epicure.*
Aco. Come wee'l go and ſee a Comedy, that will raiſe
Thy heavy ſpirits up.
Anai. A Comedy?
Sure I delight much in thoſe toyes; I can
With as much patience hear the Marriners
Chide in a ſtorme.
Aco. Then lets go drink a while.
Anai. 'Tis too much labour; Happy *Tantalus*
That never drinks.
Aco. A little Venery
Shall recreate thy ſoule.
Ana. Yes like an itch,
For 'tis no better: I could wiſh an heire,
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.
Aco. Why, marry, if your conſcience be ſo tender,
As not to do it otherwiſe; Then 'tis lawfull.
Ana. True Matrimony's nothing elſe indeed
But fornication licenſ'd, lawfull Adultery.
O heavens! how all my ſenſes are wide ſluces
To let in diſcontent and miſeries!
How happy are the moles that have no eyes!
How bleſt the Adders that have no ears!
They never ſee nor hear ought that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no ſence at all;
That neither ſee, nor hear, taſte, ſmell, nor feel.

Any

Any thing to torment them: ſouls were given
To torture bodies, man has reaſon too
To adde unto the heap of his diſtractions.
I can ſee nothing without ſenſe, and motion,
But I do wiſh my ſelfe transform'd into it.
Col. Sir I commend this temperance; your arm'd ſoul
Is able to contemne theſe petty baits,
Theſe ſlight temptations, which we tittle pleaſures;
That are indeed but names; Heaven it ſelfe knows
No ſuch like thing; the ſtars nor eat nor drink,
Nor lye with one another; and you imitate
Thoſe glorious bodies, by which noble abſtinence
You gain the names of moderate, chaſte, and ſober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous tearms
Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer;
Pleaſures, that are not mans, as man is man,
But as his nature ſympathies with beaſts.
You ſhall be the third *Cato*. This grave look
And rigid eye-brow will become a Cenſor.
But I will fit you with an object Sir,
My noble *Anaiſthetus*, that will pleaſe you.
It is a Looking-glaſſe, wherein at once
You may ſee all the diſmall groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deſerts,
With what in hell it ſelfe can diſmall be.
Anaiſ. That is indeed a proſpect fit for me. *Exit.*
Acol. He cannot ſee a ſtock or ſtone, but preſently
He wiſhes to be turn'd to one of thoſe.
I have another humor, I cannot ſee
A fat voluptuous ſow with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but I do wiſh my ſelfe
Transform'd into that bleſſed Epicure.
Or when I view the hot ſalacious ſparrow

Renew

Renew his pleaſures with freſh appetite,
I wiſh my ſelfe that little bird of Love.
Colax. It ſhews you a man of a ſoft moving clay,
Not made of flint; Nature has been bountifull
To provide pleaſures, and ſhall we be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a diſcourteous gueſt
That will obſerve a dyet at a feaſt.
When nature thought the earth alone too little
To find us meat, and therefore ſtor'd the ayr
With winged creatures, not contented yet,
She made the water fruitfull to delight us.
Nay I believe the other Element too
Doth nurſe ſome curious dainty for mans food;
If we would uſe the skill to catch the Salamander:
Did ſhe do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when ſhe gave ſo many different Odors
Of ſpices, unguents, and all ſorts of flowers,
She cry'd not---ſtop your noſes: would ſhe give us
So ſweet a quire of wing'd Muſitians
To have us deafe? or when ſhe plac'd us here,
Here in a Paradice, where ſuch pleaſing proſpects,
So many raviſhing colours entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? when ſhe beſtow'd
So powerfull faces, ſuch commanding beauties
On many glorious Nymphs, was it to ſay
Be chaſte and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleaſures, and at full, were to make nature
Guilty of that ſhe ne're was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.
Acol. A Learned Lecture!
Tis fit ſuch grave and ſolid arguments
Have their reward---here--halfe of my eſtate
T'invent a pleaſure never taſted yet,

That

That I may be the firſt ſhall make it ſtale.
Col. Within Sir is a Glaſſe, that by reflexion
Doth ſhew the image of all ſorts of pleaſures
That ever yet were acted, more variety
Than *Aretines* pictures.
Aco. Ile ſee the Iewel;
For though to doe moſt moves my appetite,
I love to ſee, as well as act delight. *Exit.*
Bird. Theſe are the things indeed the ſtage doth teach;
Dear heart, what a foule ſink of ſins run here!
Flow. In ſooth it is the common ſhore of lewdneſſe.

SCEN. 4.

Aſotus. Anceleutherus.

Roſc. *Theſe are* Aneleutherus *an illiberall Niggardly uſurer, that will ſell heaven to purchaſe earth. That his ſonne* Aſotus, *a profuſe Prodigall, that will ſell earth to buy Hell. The extreams of liberality which preſcribes a mediocrity in the getting and ſpending of Riches.*
Anelen. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go.
Aſot. I was in hope you would have ſayd a Bawdy houſe.
Anel. Thence to th'Exchange.
Aſot. No, to the Tavern Father.
Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counſell.
Aſot. Your counſell? No dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow-- ſhall we go and roare?
S'lid Father I ſhall never live to ſpend.
That you have got already---Pox of Arturneys,
Merchants, and Scriveners, I would hear you talke
Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel.

Anel. Prodigall child!
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.
Asot. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it,
To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchovest
Anel. *Asotus*, my deare sonne, talk not to me
Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.
No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan
Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire
With all his lands melted into a mortgage.
The Gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,
Such fatting, thriving diet.
Asot. Trust me Sir,
I am asham'd la--- to call you Father,
Ne're trust me now, I'm come to be a Gentleman,
One of your havings, and thus carlo and care?
Come, I will send for a whole Coach or two
Of *Bank-side* Ladies, and we will be Jovialls!
Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well doe your pleasure, keepe me short of money,
When you are dead, as dye I hope you must,
Ile make a shift to spend one halfe at least
Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe
Ere you are fully laid into your grave;
Were not you better helpe away with some of it?
But you will starve your selfe, that when y'are rotten,
One--Have at all of mine may set it flying.
And I will have your bones cut into Dice,
And make you guilty of the spending of it.
Or I will get a very handsome bowle
Made of your skull, to drink a way in health.
Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No, sit and brood
On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd
Into maturity.

Asot. Marry I will brood upon it,
And hatch it into chicken, capons, hens,
Larks, thrushes, quailes, wood-cocks, snites, & phesants,
The best that can be got for love or mony.
There is no life to drinking!
Anel. O yes, yes;
Exaction, usury, and oppression.
Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar.
And wilt thou, wastful lad, spend in a supper
What I with sweat and labour, care and industry
Have been an age a scraping up together,
No, no *Asotus*, trust gray-head experience;
As I have been an Oxe, a painfull Oxe,
A diligent, toyling, and laborious Oxe
To plow up Gold for thee; so I would have thee—
Asot. Be a fine silly Asse to keep it.
Anel. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preserve it.
Calax. Sir, I over-heard your wise instructions,
And wonder at the gravity of your counsel!
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown.
Acquainted with the world; he has not felt
The weight of need, that want is vertu's clog,
Of what necessity, respect and value
Wealth is, how base and how contemptible.
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In some circumstances may be allow'd;
As when it ha's no end but honesty,
With a respect of person, quantity,
Quality, time, and place; but this profuse,
Vaine, injudicious spending speaks him Idiot.
And yet the best of liberality
Is to be liberall to our selves; and thus
Your wisdome is most liberall, and knowes.

How fond a thing it is for diſcreet men
To purchaſe with the loſſe of their eſtate
The name of one poore vertue, liberalitie,
And that too only from the mouth of beggers!
One of your judgement would not, I am ſure,
Buy all the vertues at ſo deare a rate.
Nor are you, Sir, I dare preſume, ſo fond
As for to weigh your gaines by the ſtrict ſcale
Of equity, and juſtice, names invented
To keepe us beggers; I would counſell now
Your ſon to tread no ſteps but yours, for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place where Plenty dwels;
And ſhee ſhall give him honour.
Anel. Your tongue is pow'rfull:
Pray read this Lecture to my ſon; I goe
To find my Scriv'ner who is gon, I heare,
To a ſtrange Glaſſe wherein all things appeare. *Exit*
Aſot. To ſee if it can ſhew him his loſt eares.
Now to your Lecture.
Col. And to ſuch a one
As you will be a willing Pupill to.
Think you I meant all that I told your Father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks.
I love a man like you that can make much
Of his bleſt Genius: Miracle of Charity!
That open hand becomes thee; Let thy Father
Scrape like the Dunghill cock the Dirt, and mire,
To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken
Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder
How ſuch a generous branch as you, could ſpring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widdowes houſe the father ſwallowes,

The sonne should spew a Taverne. How are we
Richer then others not in having much,
But in bestowing?
And that shines glorious in you. The chuffs crownes
Impriſon'd in his rusty cheſt methinks
I heare groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the light again. Thou canst not
Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to sup it; nor canst suffer
The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt taste the fruit. 'T is generous this.
Asot. Gramercy thou shalt be Doctor o' th' Chaire.
Here---'tis too little, but t'is all my store,
I'le in to pumpe my Dad, and fetch thee more. *Exit.*
Colax. How like you now my art? is 't not a subtle one?
Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of sin, and shame, that soweſt cushions
Unto the elbowes of iniquity.
Colax. I doe commend this zeale; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodnesse.
There is a generall frost hath ceas'd devotion.
And without such like ardent flames as these,
There is no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane,
That I doe glorifie, and esteem rev'rend,
As the most sanctified, pure, and holy Sect
Of all Professours, is by the prophane
Us'd for a name of infamie, a by-word, a slander.
That I sooth Vice I doe but flatter them,
As we give children plums to learn their prayers,
To entice them to the truth, and by faire meanes
Work out their reformation.
Bird. 'Tis well done.
I hope heele become a brother, and make

A Separatist!
Flow. You shall have the devotions
Of all the Elders. But this foppishnesse
Is wearisome; I could at our Saint *Actius*,
Sleeping and all, sit twentie times as long.
Rosc. Goe in with me to recreat your spirits,
(As Musique theirs) with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long.

Finis Actus 2. *Exeunt*

ACTUS 3. SCEN.

Roscius, Bird, Flowredew.

Bird. I will no more of this abomination.
Rosc. The end crowns every action; stay till that
Just Iudge will not Be prejudicate,
Flow. Pray Sir continue still the moralizing.
Rosc. The next we present are the extreames of Magnificence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, *out of a meere ostentation vain-gloriously expensive; the other* Microprepes, *one in glorious works extreamly base and penurious.*

Banausus. Microprepes.

Ban. Being borne not for our selves but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We doe expresse the Majesty of our soules
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.
Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles
Promise themselves a name from building Churches,
Or any thing that tends to the Re-publique,
To the Religious that I study for.
Banau. First therefore for the fame of my Re-publique,
I'le imitate a brave Ægyptian King,
And plant such store of onions, and of garlike,
As shall maintaine so many thousand workmen,

To th' building of a Pyramid at Saint *Albons*,
Upon whoſe top I'le ſet a hand of braſſe,
With a ſcrowle in't to ſhew the way to *London*
For th' benefit of Travellers.
Colax. Excellent,
'Tis charity to direct the wandering Pilgrim.
Micro. I am Church-warden, and we are this yeare
To build our ſteeple up, now to ſave charges
I'le get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels
To make a peale ſhall ſerve as well as *Bow*.
Colax. 'Tis wiſely caſt,
And like a carefull ſteward of the Church,
Of which the Steeple is no part, at leaſt.
No neceſſary.
Bird. Verily 'tis true
They are but wicked Synagogues where thoſe inſtruments
Of Superſtition and Idolatry ring.
Warning to ſinne, and chime all into the Divell.
Banan. And 'cauſe there be ſuch ſwarmes of Hereſies ringing:
I'le have an Artiſt frame two wonderous weathercocks
Of Gold, to ſet on *Pauls*, and *Greatam* Steeple,
To ſhew to all the Kingdome what faſhion next
The Wind of Humour hither meanes to blow.
Micro. A Wicker Chaire will fit them for a Pulpit.
Colax. It is the Doctrine, Sir, that you reſpect.
Flow. Inſooth I'have heard as wholſome inſtruction
From a zealous wicker chaire, as e're I did
From the carv'd Idoll of wainſcot.
Banan. Next, I intend to found an Hoſpitall
For the decay'd Profeſſors of the Suburbs,

with

With a Colledge of Physitians too at *Chelsy*
Only to study the cure of the French Pox;
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.
Colax. You have a care Sir of your countries, health.
Micro. Then J well fill the lead to thatch the Chancell.
Ban. J have a rare device to set Dutch windmills
Upon *New-market Heath*, and *Salisbury* Plaine,
To draine the Fens.
Colax. The Fens Sir are not there,
Ban. But who knowes but they may be?
Col. Very right:
You aime at the prevention of a danger.
Micr. A Porters frock shall serve me for a surplice.
Flow. Indeed a Frock is not so Ceremonious.
Ban. But the great work in which J mean to glory,
Js in the raising a Cathedrall Church:
Jt shall be at *Hogges-Norton*, with a paire
Of stately Organs; more then pity 'twere
The Pigs should lose their skill for want of practice.
Bird. Organs fye on them for *Babylonian* Bag-pipes;
Micro. Then for the painting, J bethinke my selfe
That J have seen in Mother Red-caps Hall
In painted cloath the story of the Prodigall.
Col. And that will be for very good use and morall:
Sir, you are wise; what serve *Egyptian* Pyramids,
Ephesian Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,
Carian Colosses, *Traians* water-works,
Domitians Amphitheaters, the vaine cost
Of ignorance and prodigalitie?
Rome flourish'd when her Capitoll was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in Cottages;
Since *Parian* marble and *Corynthian* brasse

Enter'd her gaudie Temple, soon she fell
To superstition, and from thence to ruine,
You see that in our Churches glorious Statues,
Rich Copes, and other ornaments of state
Draw wandring eyes from their devotion.
Unto a wanton gazing, and that other
Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toyes
Doe more proclaime our Countries wealth then safety,
And serve but like so many gilded baits
T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invasion.
Goe in, there is a Glasse will shew you, Sir,
What sweet simplicitie our Grandsires us'd,
How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit Mitre.

Banau. O I have thought on't, I will straight way build
A Free-schoole here in *London*, a free-Schoole
For th' education of young Gentlemen
To studie how to drinke, and take Tobacco,
To sweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell:
Twill be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realme,
The *Prontisterium* of great Britany,
And for their better studie, I will furnish them
With a large Library of Draper's books.

Col. 'Twill put downe *Bodlies*, and the *Vatican*.

Royall *Banausus*, how many Spheares flye you
Above the earthly dull *Micropneas*?
I hope to live to see you build a Sewes
Shall out-brave *Venice*, to repaire old Tiburne
And make it Cedar. This magnificent course
Doth purchase you an immortalitie
In them you build your honour to remaine
The example and the wonder of posterities,
While other hide-bound Churls dot grutch themselves

The

The Charges of a Tombe.

Ban. But Ile have one
In which Ile lye embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Cassia*,
And richer unguents then th' *Aegytian* King,
And all that this my precious Tombe may furnish
The Land with Mummie.

Colax. Yonder is a Glasse
Will shew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the 'old way, you may invent a new,
'Twill make for your more glory.

Ban. Colax, true.

Rosc. *These are the extreames of magnanimity.* Caunus *a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other* Micropsychus *a base and low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his owne qualities dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are capable of.*

SCEN. 2.

Caunus. Micropsychus.

Caun. I wonder that I heare no newes from Court.

Colax. All haile unto the honourable *Caunus*.

Caun. The honourable *Caunus*? 'Tis decreed
I am a privie Councellour; our new honours
Cannot so alter us as that we can
Forget our Friends; walk with us our familiar.

Mic. It puzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.

Colax. Sir, I doe know and see, and so do all
That have not wilfull blindnesse, what rare skill
Of wisdome, policy, judgment, and the rest
Of the state vertues fit within this breast,
As if it were their Parliament; but as yet
I am not, Sir, the happy Messenger

That

That tels you, you are cal'd unto the Helm;
Or that the Rudder of great Britany
Is put into your hands, that you may ſteere
Our floating *Delos* till ſhe be arriv'd
At the the bleſt Port of happineſſe, and ſurnam'd
The *Fortunate Iſle* from you that are the fortunate.
Cau. 'Tis ſtrange that I the beſt experienc'd
The skilfulleſt and the rareſt of all Carpenters,
Should not be yet a Privie Councell our!
Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk *Opium*
And ſleeps, but when it wakes it cannot chuſe
But meet the glorious beames of my deſerts
Bright as the riſing Sun, and ſay to *England*,
England behold thy light!
Micro. Make me a Conſtable!
Make me that am the ſimpleſt of my Neighbours
So great a Magiſtrate! ſo powerfull an Officer!
I bluſh at my unworthineſſe: a Conſtable!
The very Prince o'th' pariſh! you are one Sir
Of an abilitie to diſcharge it better,
Let me reſigne to you
Cau. How? I a Conſtable?
What might I be in your opinion Sir?
Micro. A Carpenter of worſhip.
Cau. Very well.
And yet you would make me a Conſtable.
I'le evidently demonſtrate that of all men
Your Carpenters are beſt States-men; of all Carpenters
I being the beſt, am beſt of Statesmen too.
Imagine, Sir, the Common-wealth a Logge,
Or a rude block of wood, your Statesman comes,
(For by that word I mean a Carpenter)
And with the ſaw of Policie divides it

Into

Into so many boards or severall orders,
Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other
Inferiour boards call'd Vulgar fit for nothing
but to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,
Or trampled on: This adds unto the Log
Call'd Common-wealth at least some small perfection;
But afterwards he plaines them, and so makes
The Common-wealth, that was before a board,
A pretty Wainscot; some he carves with Titles
Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; some stand plaine,
And serve us more for use then Ornament,
We call them Yeomen; (Boards now out of fashion.)
And lest the disproportion breake the frame,
He with the pegs of amity and concord,
As with the glew-pot of good Government
Joynes 'em together, makes an absolute edifice
Of the Re-publique: State-skill'd *Machiavell*
Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke
A Constable a Gyant-Dignitie.

Micro. Pray Heaven that *Icarus* like I doe not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!
Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sun
I fall not headlong downe with *Phaeton*,
I have aspir'd so high: make me a Constable
That have not yet attain'd to the *Greeke* tongue!
Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
His Majesties peace: I am not fit to keep
His Majesties Hogs, much lesse his Peace, the best
of all his Jewells: How dare I presume
to charge a man in the Kings Name! I faint
Under the burthen of so great a place,
Whose weight might presse down *Atlas*: Magistrates
Are only Sumpter-Horses, Nay they threaten me

To make me warden of the Church.
Am I a Patriot? or have I abilitie
To preſent Knights-Recuſant, Clergy reelers,
Or Gentlemen Fornicators?
Col. You have worth
Richly enamel'd with a modeſty
And though your lofty merit might ſit crown'd
On *Caucaſus* or the *Pyrenean* mountaines,
You chooſe the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a ſafe ſhrub below, then dare the Winds,
And be a Cedar. Sir you know there is not
Halfe ſo much honour in the Pilots place
As danger in the ſtorme. Poore windy Titles
Of Dignitie, and Offices that puffe up
The bubble pride till it ſwell big and burſt,
What are they but brave nothings? They call'd Honour
Make them on whom they are beſtow'd no better
Then glorious ſlaves, the ſervants of the Vulgar:
Men ſweat at Helme, as much as at the Oare.
There is a Glaſſe within ſhall ſhew you, Sir,
The vanitie of theſe Silk-wormes, that ride thinke
They toile not, ſince they ſpin ſo fine a thread.
Micro. I'le ſee it. Honour is a babies raſtle,
And let blind *Fortune* where ſhe will, beſtow her;
Lay me on earth, and I ſhall fall no lower.
Cau. Colax, what newes?
Col. The *Perſian* Emperour
Is deſperately ſicke.
Cau. Heaven take his ſoule!
When I am the grand *Sophie*, (as it is likely
I may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.
Col. The Turke they ſay prepares again for *Poland*.
Cau. And no *Baſhaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

Col.

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction.
Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may choose their Duke?
Col. Our Merchants doe report th' inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the setling
The Crowne upon a more deserving head
Then his that beares it.
Cau. Then my fortunes rise
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certaine.
Colax. be bold, thou seest the *Prester-John.*
Well *England*, of all Countries in the world
Most blind to thy own good. Other Nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and presents; had I liv'd in *Rome*
who durst with *Caunus* stand a candidate?
I might have choice of *Ædils*, *Consul*, *Tribune*,
Or the perpetuall *Dictators*-place.
I could discharge 'em all, I know my merits
Are large, and boundlesse: A *Cæsar* might be hewed
Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman
But undertooke it.
Colax. Tis a worthy confidence.
Let Birds of night and shame, with their Owles eyes
Not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honour;
They are no Presidents for Eagles: Bats,
Like dull *Microcosychus*; things of earth, and lead,
May love a private safety; men in whom
Promotheus has spent much of his stolne fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour
Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! What's a man
VVithout desert? and what's desert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his house some buried Chests

Of

Of Gold, or Pearle, and knows not where to look them?
What was the Load-ſtone, till the uſe was found,
But a foule dotard on a Fouler Miſtreſſe?
I praiſe your *Argus* eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beames forwards, but reflect and turne
Back on themſelves, and finde an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation:
You are at home no ſtranger, but are grown
Acquainted with you vertues, and can tell
What uſe the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cockes
Scrape into dirt againe. This ſearching judgement
Was not intended to work wood, but men.
Honour attends you. *I* ſhall live to ſee
A Diadem crown that head. There is within
A glaſſe that will acquaint you with all places
Of Dignity, Authority and renown,
The State, and carriage of them: Chooſe the beſt,
Such as deſerve you, and refuſe the reſt.
Cau. *I* go, that want no worth to merit honour;
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me,
Fortune, thou arbitreſſe of humane things
Thy credit is at ſtake: if *I* but riſe,
The worlds opinion will conceive th'haſt eyes.

Exit.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Roſc. These are the extreames of meeknesse. Orgylus *an angry quarrelsome man mov'd with the leaſt ſhadow, or appearance of injury. The other in deſect,* Aorgus, *a fellow patient, or rather inſenſible of wrong, that he is not capable of the groſſeſt abuſe.*

Org. Perſwade me not, he has awak'd a furie
That carries ſteele about him. Dags, and Piſtolls!

To

To bite his thumbe at me?
Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?
Org. At me? weare *I* a sword
To see men bite their thumbs!--Rapiers and Daggers--
He is the sonne of a whore.
Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T'have mov'd this anger; he may bite his own
And eat it too.
Org. Muskets, and Cannons!--eat it?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here;
Ile try his Estridge stomark.
Aor. Sir, be patient
Org. You lye in your throat, and *I* will not.
Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madnesse?
Pray be milder.
Org. Your Mother was a whore, and *I* will not put it up.
Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?
Org. Your Father was hang'd, and *I* will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reason doth in equall balance poize
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lyes heavie, when that other would not turne
An even scale; and yet it moves not me;
My anger is not up.
Org. But *I* will raise it;
You are a foole!
Aor. I know it, and shall I
Be angry for a truth?
Org. You are besides
An arrant Knave!
Aor. So are my betters, Sir.

Org.

Org. I cannot move him--O my ſpleen--it riſes,
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.
Org. You are a horned beaſt, a very Cuckold.
Aor. 'Tis my Wives fault, not mine, I have no reaſon
Then to be angry for anothers ſin.
Org. And I did graft your hornes, you might have come
And found us glewd together like two Goats,
And ſtood a witneſſe to your transformation.
Aor. Why if I had, I am ſo far from anger,
I would have e'ne falne downe upon my knees,
And deſir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.
Org. Your children are all Baſtards, not one of them
Upon my Knowledge, of your owne begetting.
Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them
That they will call me father, it was luſt
Perchance, that did beget them, but I am ſure
'Tis charity to keep the Infants.
Org. Not yet ſtirre'd?
'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to expreſſe his ſcorne of me.
'Tis above patience this, inſufferable.
Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!
Dotard you will be angery, will you not;
Aor. To ſee how ſtrange a courſe fond wrath doth go
You will be angry 'cauſe I am not ſo.
Org. I can endure no longer, if your ſpleen
Lye in your breech, thus I will kickt it up--
Aor. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epſilon. Zeta. Eta. Theta. Iota. Kappa. Lambda, Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi. Ro. Sigma. Tau. Vpſilon. Phi. Chi. Pſi. Omega.
Org. How? What contempt is this;
Aor. An antidote

Againſt

Againſt the poyſon, Anger: 'twas preſcrib'd
A Roman Emperour, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and Practiſe.
Org. Not yet angry?
Still will you vex me? I will practiſe too, (*Kicks again*)
Aor. Aleph, Beth, Gimel.
Org. What new Alphabet
Is this?
Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I uſe
A ſecond remedy.
Org. O my Torment ſtill?
Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occaſion
For to be angry with my buttocks.
Org. Well,
I'le try your Phyſick for the third aſſault;
And exerciſe the patience of your noſe.
Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T. V.W.X.Y.Z.
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. Now ſir? why now?
Now have you done.
Org. O 'tis a meer plot this,
To jeer my tameneſſe: will no ſence of wrong
Waken the Lethargy of a cowards ſoule?
Will not this rowſe her from her dead ſleep, nor this?
Aor. Why ſhould I Sir be angry if I ſuffer
An injury? it is not guilt of mine;
No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Org. A bitterneſſe o'reflows me; my eyes flame,

My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of ſoule and body move in a diſorder,
His patience hath ſo tortur'd me: Sirrah villain
I will diſſect thee with my rapiers point;
Rip up each vein, and ſinew of my ſtorque,
Anatomize him, ſearching every entraile,
To ſee if nature, when ſhe made this aſſe,
This ſuffering aſſe, did not forget to give him
Some gall.
Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*,
Let him not glory in ſo brave a death,
As by your hand, it ſtands not with your honour
To ſtain your rapier in a cowards blood.
The *Lesbian* Lions in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorne;
But trouble not the painted butterfly,
Ants crawle ſecurely by him.
Orgy. 'Tis intolerable!
Would thou wert worth the killing.
Colax. A good wiſh,
Savouring as well diſcretion, as bold valour:
Thinke not of ſuch a baſſl'd aſſe as this,
More ſtone, then man. *Meeduſa's* head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every flye
Carries a ſpleen: poore worms being trampled on
Turn rayle, as bidding battayle to the feet
Of their oppreſſors. A dead palſy ſure
Hath ſtruck a deſperate numneſſe though his ſoule,
Till it be grown inſenſible: Meer ſtupidity
Hath ſeiz'd him: Your more manly ſoule I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throwes forth a fire into the ſtrikers eyes.
You beare about you valours whetſtone, anger;

Which

Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit; you conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering
One injury invites a second that,
Calls on a third, till wrongs doe multiply
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martiall Brow, A glasse within
Will shew you sir when your great spleen doth rise
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.
Org. Learn anger sir against you meet me next,
Never was man like me with patience vext. *Exit.*
Aor. I am so farre from anger in my selfe,
That 'tis my griefe I can make others so.
Colax. It proves a sweetnesse in your disposition,
A gentle winning carriage--deare *Aorgus*,
O give me leave to open wide my breast,
And let so rare a friend unto my soule;
Enter, and take possession; such a man
As has no gall, no bitternesse, no exceptions;
Whom nature meant a Dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors;
But he's a better, takes no notice of them.
How like a beast with rude and savage rage
Breath'd the distemper'd soule of *Orgylus*?
The proneness of this passion is the Nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruines states,
Depopulates Cities, layes great Kingdomes waste;
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The strongest bridle, give it reins it runs
A desperate course, and draggs down reason with it.
It is the whirlewind of the soule, the storm

And tempeſt of the mind, that raiſes up
The billowes of diſturbed paſſions
To ſhipwrak Iudgement, O--a ſoule like yours
Conſtant in patience! Let the Northern wind meet
The South at Sea, and *Zephyrus* breath oppoſite
To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty ſonnes
Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow
The Ocean, and diſpeople all the woods;
Yet here could be a calme; it is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a Glaſſe within
Will let you ſee your ſelfe, and tell you now
How ſweet a tameneſſe dwells upon your brow.
Aur. Colax, I muſt believe, and therefore goe;
Who is diſtruſtfull will be angry too.

SCEN. 4.

Alazon. Eiron.

Reſc. *The next are the extreames of Truth*, Alazon *one that arrogates that to himſelfe which is not his; and* Eiron, *one that out of an itch to be thought modeſt diſſembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falſhood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I hear you 're wondrous valiant?
Eir. I! alas
Who told you I was valiant'
Alaz. The world ſpeaks it.
Eir. She is deceiv'd, but does ſhe ſpeak truly?
Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age;
But ſhee calls you *Achilles*.
Eir. I *Achilles*!

No

No, I am not *Achilles*: I confesse
I am no coward. That the world should think
That I am an *Achilles*, yet the world may
Call me what she please.
Alaz. Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.
Eir. I may have my share;
But the last valour show'd in Christendome
Was in *Lepanto*.
Alazon. He might be thought so sir, by them that knew
But I have found him a poore baffl'd snake
Sir I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every post i'th' City.
Eiron. Who?
Alaz. Lepanto,
The valour sir that you so much renown,
Eir. Lepanto was no man sir, but the place
Made famous by the so much mention'd battaile
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.
Alaz. Cry you mercy!
Then the *Lepanto* that I means, it seems,
Was but *Lepanto*'s name-sake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in history.
Eir. Not a whit. A novice, I! I could perchance
Discourse from *Adam* downward, but what's that
To History? All that I know is only
Th'originall, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common wealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appian, *Dion*, *Iunius*, *Paterculus*,
With *Florus*, *Iustine*, *Salust*, and some few
More of the Latine. For the modern, I

Have all without book *Gallo-Belgicus*,
Philip De-Comine, *Machiavele*, *Guicciardine*,
The Turkish and Ægyptian Histories,
With those of *Spaine*, *France*, and the Netherlands.
For *England*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Camden*, *Speed*,
And a matter of forty more; nothing
Alas to one that's read in Histories.
In the Greek *I* have a smack or so, at
Xenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and
Stowes Chronicle.
Alaz. Believe me sir, and that
Stowes Chronicle is very good Greek; you little
Think who writ it! Doe you not see him? are
You blind? I am the man.
Eir. Then *I* must number
You with my best Authors in my Library.
Alaz. Sir the rest too are mine, but that *I* venture 'em
With other names, to shunne the opinion
Of arrogance; so the subtle Cardinall
Calls one book *Bellarmine*, 'nother *Tostatus*,
Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbering;
You cannot choose but heare how lowd fame speaks
Of my experience in Arithmetique:
She sayes you too grow neare perfection.
Eir. Farre from it *I*; some In-sight, but no more.
I count the Starres, can give the Totall summe,
How many sands there bei'th' sea, but these
Are trifles to the expert, that have studied
Pen kelk-mans president. Sir, J have no skill
In any thing, if J have any, 'tis
In languages, but yet in sooth I speak
Only my mother Tongue; J have not gain'd
The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick*;

Not

Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Choriate* both excell me.
I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,
Turkish, *Ægyptian*, *China*, *Persian* Tongues.
Indeed the *Latine*, I was whipt into;
But *Ruscian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Dalmatian*
With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* speech,
That of the *Cossacives*, and *Hungarian* too,
With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages,
Dutch, *Welch*, and *Irish* are too hard for me
To be familiar in: and yet some thinke
(But thought is free) that I doe speake all these
As I were borne in each; but they may erre:
That think so; 'Tis not every Judgment fits
In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth
All *Europ*, *Asia*, and *Africa* too;
But in *America*, and the new found world
I very much feare there be some languages
That would goe neere to puzzle me.
Alaz. Very likely,
You have a prety pittance in the Tongues,
But *Eiron*, I am now more generall;
I can speak all alike, there is no stronger
Of so remote a nation heares me talk
But confidently calls me Country-man.
The witty world giving my worth her due
Surnames me the Confusion: I but want
An Oratour like you to speake my prayse.
Eir. Am I an Oratour *Alazon*? no;
Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent;
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all Hyperboles: something sir

Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Eſpecially *Alazon* in your preſence
Alaz. Your modeſty *Eiron* ſpeaks but truth in this.
Colax. I need not flatter theſe, they'le do't themſelves,
And croſſe the Proverb that was wont to ſay.
One Mule doth ſcrub another, here each Aſſe
Hath learn'd to claw himſelfe.
Alaz. I doe ſurpaſſe
All Oratours. How like you my Orations?
Thoſe againſt *Catiline*, I account them beſt,
Except my *Philippicks*; all acknowledge me
Above the three great Oratours of *Rome.*
Eir. What three, *Alazon?*
Ala. Marcus, Tullius,
And *Cicero*, the beſt of all the three.
Eir. Why thoſe three names are all the ſelfe-ſame mans
Alaz. Then all is one. Were thoſe three names three men,
I ſhould excell them all. And then for Poetry
Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads:*
Alaz. A laſſe 'twas writ ith' nonage of my Muſes,
You underſtand th' Italian?
Eir. A little, ſir,
I have read *Taſſo.*
Ala. And *Torquato* too?
Eir. They're ſtill the ſame.
Ala. I find you very skilfull
Eiron, I erre only to ſound your judgement.
You are a Poet too?
Eir. The world may thinke ſo,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am ſorry for't.
But I will tell you in ſome excellent verſes
Made by a friend of mine, I have not read

A better Epigram of a Neoterique.

Ala. Pray do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me learne 'um.

Eir. *Strange sights there late were seene, that did affright*
The multitude; the Moone was seene by night,
And Sun appear'd by day---is it not good?

Ala. Excellent good! proceed.

Eir. *without recourse*
Each starre and planet kept their wonted course.
What here could fright them? (mark the answer now)
O sir aske not that;
The Vulgar know not why they feare, nor what.
But in their humours too inconstant be,
Nothing seemes strange to them but constancy.

Has not my friend approv'd himselfe a Poet?

Alaz. The verses sir are excellent, but your friend
Approves himselfe a thiefe.

Eir. Why good *Alazon*?

Alaz. A Plagiary, I mean, the verses sir
Were stolne.

Eir. From whom?

Alaz. From me, believ't I made 'um.

Eir. They are alasse unworthy sir your owning,
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.

Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you
That you come neare me sir. Yours they may bee.
Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*,
Your friend must steale them, if hee have them.

Col. What pretty Gulls are these? Ile take 'um off.

Alazon, You are learned.

Alaz. I know that.

Col. And vertuous.

Alaz.

Alaz. Tis confes'd.
Col. A good Hiſtorian.
Alaz. Who dares deny it?
Col. A rare Arithmetician.
Alaz. I' have heard it often.
Col. I commend your care.
That know your vertues, why ſhould modeſty ſneighbours
Stop good mens mouths from their own praiſe? our
Are envious, and will rather blaſt our memories
With infamy, then immortalize our names;
When fame hath taken cold, and loſt her voice,
We muſt be our owne trumpets; carefull men
Will have an Inventorie of their goods,
And why not of their vertues? ſhould you ſay
You were not wiſe, it were a ſinne to truth.
Let *Eirons* modeſty tell baſhfull lies,
To cloake and masque his parts; he's a foole for't.
Twas heavenly counſell bid us *know our ſelves.*
You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums.
Ring out a Panegyrique to your ſelfe;
And your ſelfe write the learned Commentary
Of your own actions.
Ala. So I have.
Co. VVhere is it?
Ala. Tis ſtolne.
Co. I know the thiefe, they call him *Caſar.*
Goe in good ſir, there is within a Glaſſe
That will preſent you with the Felons face. *Exit Alaz.*
Eiron, You heare the newes?
Eir. Not I, what is it?
Co. That you are held the only man of Art.
Eir. Is't currant *Colax?*
Col. Currant as the ayre

Every

Every man breathes it for certaintie.
Eir. This is the first time I heard on't in truth.
Can it be certaine? so much charity left
In mens opinion?
Co. You call it charity
Which is their dutie: Vertue sir, like yours
Commands mens praises. Emptinesse and folly,
Such as *Alazon* is, use their own Tongues,
While reall worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
Other mens mouthes become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaimes you lowdly forth
From East to West, till either pole admire you.
Selfe praise is bragging, and begets the envie
Of them that heare it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: You are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
For others to be so: The fish would lose
Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
Should want a speaker: yet sir *I* would have you
Know your owne vertues, be acquainted with them.
Eir. Why good sir bring me but acquainted with them.
Col. There is a glasse within shewes you your selfe
By a reflection; goe and speake 'em there.
Eir. *I* should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit. Eir.*
Rosc. Retire your selves againe, for these are sights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Flowrdew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird. My indignation boyleth like a pot,
An over heated pot, still, still it boyleth;

It boyleth, and it bubleth with diſdaine.
Flow. My Spirit within me too fumeth, I ſay
Fumeth, and ſteemeth up, and runneth ore
With holy wrath, at theſe delights of fleſh.
Roſc. The Actors begge your ſilence—*The next vertue whoſe extreames we would preſent, want a name both in the Greeke and Latine.*
Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchriſtian vertue.
Roſc. *But they deſcribe it ſuch a modeſtie as directs us in the purſuite, and refuſall of the meanet honours, and ſo anſwers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humour of the perſons, being already foreſtall'd, and no pride now ſo much practis'd, or countenanc'd as that of apparell, let mee preſent you* Philotimia, *an over-curious Lady, too neat in her attire; and for* Aphilotimus, Luparius *a naſty ſordid ſlouen.*
Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia, Luparius, Colax.

Phil. What male dreſt me to day? O patience! (maids)
Who would'be troubled with theſe mop-ey'd Chamber
Ther's a whole haire on this ſide more then t'other,
I am no Lady elſe! come on you ſloven,
Was ever Chriſtian Madam ſo tormented
To wed a ſwine as I am? make you ready.
Lup. I would the Taylor had bin hang'd for mee
That firſt invented cloathes—O nature, nature!
More cruell unto man then all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And Oxen have no breeches to put off.
The Lamb is borne with her Freez-coat about her:
Hogs goe to bed in reſt, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hoſe and ſhoos in morning
With gartring, girdling, truſſing, buttoning,

And

And a thousand torments that afflict humanitie.
Phi. To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The naturall rednesse of my nose, she knowesnot
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the selfe-same teech
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the Vulgar does?
What? are you snoring there, youle rise you sluggard,
And make you ready?
Lupa. Rise, and make you ready?
Two works of that, your happy birds make one;
They when they rise are ready. Blessed birds!
They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakednesse were come again in fashion;
I had some hope then when the breists went bare
Their bodies too would have come to't in time.
Phi. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
Youl goe and wash--you are a pretty husband!
Lupa. Our Sow ne're washes, yet she has a face
Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,
If you durst weare you owne.
Co. Madam *Superbia*,
You're studying the Ladies Library,
The Looking-glasse; 'tis well! so great a beautie
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The Peacocks taile with stars; 'tis she attires
The Bird of Paradise in all her plumes;
She deck'r the fields with various flowres; 'tis she
Spangled the Heavens with all those glorious lights;
She spotted th' Ermin's skin; and arm'd the fish

In ſilver male. But man ſhe ſent forth naked
Not that he ſhould remain ſo, but that he
Indued with reaſon ſhould adorn himſelfe
With every one of theſe. The ſilke worm is
Only mans ſpinſter, elſe we might ſuſpect
That ſhe eſteem'd the painted Butterfly
Above her maſter-peece. You are the Image
Of that bright godeſſe, therefore weare the Jewels
Of all the Eaſt; let the red ſea be ranſack'd
To make you glitter, look on *Luparus*
Your husband there, and ſee how in a ſloven
All the beſt characters of Divinitie,
Not yet worne out in man, are loſt and buried.
Philo. I ſee it to my griefe, pray counſell him.
Col. This vanitie in your nice Ladies humors
Of being ſo curious in her toyes, and dreſſes,
Makes me ſuſpitious of her honeſtie.
Theſe Cobweb-lawnes catch Spiders *Sir*, believe it;
You know that clothes doe not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age preferre
A cloake of Pluſh, before a brain of art.
You underſtand what miſery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the Draper for;
No doubt you ſpend the time your Lady loſes
In tricking up her body, to cloth the ſoule.
Lup. To cloth the ſoule? muſt the ſoule too be cloth'd?
I proteſt ſir, *I* had rather have no ſoule
Then be tormented with the clothing of it.
Roſc. *To theſe enter the extreames of modeſty, a neere kinſwoman of the vertues,* Anaiskyntia *or* Impudence, *a bawd, and* Kataplectus *an over-baſhfull Schollar: where our Author hopes the women will pardon him, if of 4. & 20 vices, he preſents but two* (pride and impudence) *of their ſexe.*

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Anaiskyntia. Kataplectus.

Philo. Here comes *Anaiskyntia* too;--O fates!
Aeolastus, and *Asotus* have sent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O sweet mother,
Are the Gentlemen there already?
Anais. Come away,
Are you not asham'd to be so bashfull? well
If *I* had thought of this in time, I would
As soone have seene you fairly hang'd as sent you
To 'th' Universitie.
Phil. What gentleman is that?
Anais. A shamefast Scholar, Madam: looke upon her,
Speake to her, or you lose your exhibition:
---Youle speake I hope, weare not away your buttons.
Kata. What should I say?
Anais. Why tell her you are glad
To see her Ladiship in health, nay out with it.
Katap.--*Gaudeo te bene valere*--
Phil. A pretty Proficient!
What standing is he of i'th' Universitie?
Anais. He dares not answer to that question, Madam--
Philo. How long have you bin in the Academy?
Katap. *Profecto D*--*Dom na sum Bac*--*Bac*--*Baccha-*
laureus Artium.
Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!
Anais. Nay all my cost I see is spent in vaine;
I having as your Ladiship knowes full well,
Good practise in the Suburbs; and by reason
That our Mortality there is very subject
To an infection of the French Disease,
I brought my Nephew up i'th' Universitie,

Hoping

Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a Physitian;
But all in vaine: he is so bashfull, Madam,
He dares not looke upon a woman's water.
Colax. Sweet Gentleman proceed in bashfulnesse,
'Tis vertues best preserver——
Kata. Rectè dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.
Col. That being gone,
The rest soone follow, and a swarme of vice
Enter the soule; no colour but a blush
Becomes a young mans cheek: pure shamefastnesse
Is porter to the lips, and eares, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modest: Nature strives to hide
The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides,
Katap. Natura dux optima.
Colax. Teach us to doe so too in our discourse.
Katap. Gratias tibi ago.
Philo. Inure him to speake bawdy.
Anaïs: A very good way; *Kataplectus* here's a Lady,
Would heare you speake obscenely.
Katap. Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportet.
Anaïs. Off goes your Velvet cap! did I maintaine you
To have you disobedient? you'l be perswaded?
Katap. Liberis operam dare.
Anaïs. What's that in english?
Katap. To doe an endeavour for children.
Anaïs. Some more of this, it may be something one day.
Katap. Communis est omnium animantium conjunctionis appetitus procreandi causâ.
Phil. Construe me that.
Katap. All creatures have a naturall desire, or appetite to be joyned together in the lawfull bonds of Matrimony, that

that they may have ſons and daughters:
Anaiſ. Your Landreſſe has beſtow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper tearmes?
If you ſhould catechize my head, and ſay,
What is your name, would it not ſay, a head?
So would my skin confeſſe it ſelfe a skin;
Nor any part about me be aſham'd
Of his owne name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come good Nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd
Col. Our Stoique, the graveſt of Philoſophers,
Is juſt of your opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obſcene, the filthineſſe
Is either grounded in the things themſelves,
Or in the words that ſignifie thoſe things;
Not in the things, that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaſt, and honeſt; if not in the things,
How in the words, the ſhadowes of thoſe things
To manure grounds, is a chaſt honeſt terme;
Another word that ſignifies the ſame,
Unlawfull: every man endures to heare,
He got a child; ſpeak plainer and he bluſhes,
Yet means the ſame. The Stoique thus diſputes,
That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,
As they doe upward.
Anaiſ. I commend him Madam,
Unto your Ladyſhips ſervice, he may mend
With counſell; let him be your Gentleman-uſher:
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the juſt ſize, now overgrowne with playing
Too much at foot-ball.
Philo. So he will prove a Stoique;

I long to have a Stoique ſtrut before me:
Here kiſſe my hand. Come what is that in Latin?
Katap. *Deoſculor manum.*
Philo. My lip;—nay ſir you muſt if I command you.
Katap. *Oſculor te, vel oſculor a te.*
Philo. His breath ſmells ſtrong.
Anaiſ. 'Tis but of *Logick*, Madam.
Philo. He will come to it one day—you ſhall go with me
To ſee an exquiſite glaſſe to dreſſe me by.
Nay goe! you muſt goe firſt; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, ſo—on— *Exeunt.*
Colax. Slow *Luparus* riſe, or you'l be metamorphos'd;
Acteon's fate is imminent.
Lup. Where's my wife?
Colax. Shee's gone with a young Snip, and an old bawd.
Lup. Then I am cuckolded; If I be, my comfort is
She has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off, yet Madam I'le prevent you. *Exit.*
Roſe. *The next are the extreames of juſtice.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Juſtice Nimis *Juſtice* Nihil.
Plus *and* Minus *their Clarks.*

Nim. Plus!
Plus. What ſayes your worſhip?
Nim. Have my tenants
That hold their leaſe of luſt here in the ſuburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their Lord in chiefe,
paid their rent-charge?
Plus. They have, and 't pleaſe your worſhip;
I, Receiver generall gave 'em my acquittance.
Parum. Sir I reſigne my Pen, and, ink-horn to you;
ſhall forget my hand, if I ſtay here.
I have not made a *Mittimus* ſince I ſerv'd you.

Wer

Were I a reverend Justice as you are,
I would not sit a Cipher on the Bench;
But doe as Justice *Nimis* does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.
Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*
Instead of your *Totums*: People shall not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off, it do's me good
To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pittiful
I wake the better for it.
Nim. The yearly value
Of my faire mannor of *Clerken-well*, is pounds
So many--besides New-years capons, the Lordship
Of *Turnball* so--which with my *Pick hatch* grange
And *Shoreditch* farm, and other premises
Adjoyning--very good, a pretty maintenance
To keep a Iustice of Peace, and *Coram* too;
Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
With harriots of all such as due, *quatenus* whores;
And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due
To such as hunt in Purly, this is something,
With mine own Game reserv'd
Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worships Bayly.
Parum. Wil't please your worship sir, to heare the Catalogue
Of such offenders, as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not please me, Sir, to heare of any
That doe offend; I would the world were innocent.
Yet to expresse my mercy you may read them.
Par. First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purse.
Nihil. Accus'd? is that enough? if it be guilt
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

Discharge him *Parum.*
Parum. Here's another brought
For the same fact, ta'ne in the very Action.
Nihil. Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too; Tis the first time.
Nimis. *Plus*, say, what hopes of gain brings this dayes sinne?
Plus. *Anaiskyntia* Sir was at doore
Brought by the Constable.
Nimis. Set the Constable by the heels.
he's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the bawd.
Nim. A tenant too.
Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence.*
Nim. Search o're my Doomes-day book; is not she
Plus
One of my last Compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping *Iude*, Heroique *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worship's sinner.
Nim. All Subsidy women, goe free 'em all.
Parum. Sir, here's a known offender: one that has
Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times,
Has suffer'd Bridewell often; not a Jayle
But hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder; both his eares cut off,
With his nose slit, what shall I doe with him?
Nihil. So often punish'd may, if no correction
Wil serve his turn; e'en let him run his course.
Plus Here's Mistresse *Frailty* too, the waiting-woman.
Nim. For what offence?
Plus. A sinne of weakness too
Nim. Let her be strongly whipt.

Plus

Plus. An't pleaſe your worſhip
She has a noble mans letter.
Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, ſhe muſt
Have the Kings Picture too.
Plus. Beſides
Sh'has promis'd me I ſhould examine her
Above i'th garret.
Nim. What's all that to me?
Plus. And ſhe entreats your worſhip to accept-
Nim. Nay, if ſhe can *intreat in Engliſh*, *Plus*,
Say ſhe is injur'd.
Par. Sir here's *Suip* the Taylor.
Charg'd with a riot.
Nihil, *Parum*, let him goe,
He is our Neighbour.
Parum. Then there is a ſtranger for quarrelling.
Nihil. A ſtranger! O 'tis pity
To hurt a ſtranger, we may be all ſtrangers,
And would be glad to find ſome mercy, *Parum*.
Plus. Sir here's a Gentlewoman of S. *Ioanes* is
Charg'd with diſhoneſty.
Nim. With diſhoneſty?
Severity will amend per, and yet *Plus*
Aske her a queſtion, if ſhe will be honeſt?
Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a ſcold.
Nim. Tell her of cooking-ſtooles, tel her there be
Oyſter queanes, with Orange women,
Carts and coaches ſtore, to make a noyſe,
Yet if ſhe can *ſpeak Engliſh*,
We may ſuppoſe her ſilent,
Par. Her's a Batchelour
And a Citizens wife for flat Adultery,
What will you doe with them?

Nib: A Citizens wife!
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?
Par. Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Batchelour.
Nib. No enquire
First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty;
And Justice counts it veniall.
Plus. Her's one *Adicus*,
And *Sophron*, that doe mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony!
Nim. Of the two which is the richer?
Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.
Nim. Then *Sophron* is the thiefe.
Plus. Here is withall
Panourgus come with one call'd *Prodotes*
Lay treason Sir to one another's charge;
Panourgus is the richer.
Nim. Hees the Traytour then.
Plus. How Sir? the richer?
Nim. Thou art ignorant *Plus*;
We must doe some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.
Plus. *Eutrapeles* complains Sir,
Somolochus has abus'd him.
Nim. Send *Eutrapeles* to th' Jaile.
Plus. It is *Eutrapeles* that complains Sir.
Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
will must be law: were not for *Summum Ius*,
How could the land subsist?
Colax. I, or the Iustices
Maintaine themselves--goe on--The Land wants such

As

As dare with rigor execute her Lawes:
Her festred members must be lanc't and tented
He's a bad Surgeon, that for pitty spares
The part corrupted, 'til the Grangrene spread
And all the body perish; he that's mercifull
Unto the bad, is cruell to the good.
The Pillory must cure the eares disease;
The stocks the foots offences; let the back
Beare her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post:
And yet the secret, & purse-punishment
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helps the vertuous & corrects the vitious
Let not the sword of Iustice sleep, and rust
Within her Velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting, Use must whet her
Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice,
Till *Hydra*-like she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the Serpents brains,
All you can find--for some have lurking holes
Where they lye hid. But there's within a glasse
Will shew you every close offenders face,
Nim. Come *Plus* let's goe in to find out these concealements;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus--
I meane to be a *Baron of Summum Jus. Exit. Ni. Plus.*
Parum. You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murther.
Nihil. How!
Par. He kill'd a man last night.
Nih. How cam't to passe?

Par. Upon a falling out.
Nib. They shall be friends, I'le reconcile 'em, *Parum.*
Par. One of them is dead.
Nib. is he not buried yet?
Par. No Sir.
Nib. Why then I say they shall shake hands.
Col. As you have done,
With Clemency, most Reverend Iustice *Nihil*;
A gentle mildnesse thrones it selfe within you,
Your worship would have justice use her ballance
More then her sword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe she weares, deep scarlet, in the blood
Of poore offenders: How many men hath rigour
By her too hasty, and severe proceedings
Prevented from amendment, that perchance
Might have turn'd honest and have prov'd good Christians?
Should Iove not spare his thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himselfe want arms,
And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.
You imitate the Gods and he sins lesse
Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amisse.
I would not have justice too falcon-eyed;
Sometimes a wilfull blindnesse much becomes her;
As when upon the bench she sleeps and winks
At the transgressions of Mortality:
In which most mercifull posture I have seen
Your pitifull Worship snorting out pardons
To the despairing sinner, there's within
A mirrour sir like you! goe see your face
How like *Astreas* 'tis in her own Glasse.

Par.

Par. And I'le petition Justice *Nimi's* Clerke
To admit me for his under Officer. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. 4.

Agroicus.

Rosc. *This is* Agroicus, *a rustique clownish fellow, whose discourse is all Country; an extreame of urbanity, whereby you may observe there is a vertue in jesting.*

Agro. They talke of wittie discourse and fine conceirs, and I ken not what a deale of prittle prattle, would make a Cat pisse to heare 'em: Cannot they be content with their Grandams English? They think they talke learnedly, when I had rather heare our brindled curre howle, or Sow grunt. They must bee breaking of jests with a murrain, when I had as live heare 'em breake wind Sir reverence. My zonne *Dick* is a pretty bookish Scholler of his age, God blesse him; hee can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobligations God save all. But by'r Lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jacksawce, as to have more wit then his fore-fathers, hee should have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keepe a talley. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em Boets, a new name for beggars I thinke, since the statute against Gypsies. I would not have my zonne *Dick* one of those Boets for the best Pig in my stye by the mackins: Boets? Heav'n shield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hut, gee, ho, it is better I trow then bring a Boet. Boets? I had rather zee him remitted to the Jayle, and have his twelve God-vathers, good men and true contemn him to the Gallowes, and there see him vairely persecuted. There is a *Pomolchus* one of the Boets, now a bots ake all the red-nose tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! he does

so

ſo abuſe his betters! well 'twas a good world, when I
virſt held the plow!

Col. They car'd not then ſo much for ſpeaking well
As to mean honeſt; and in you ſtill lives
The good ſimplicity of the former times:
When to doe well was Rhetorique, not to talke.
The tongue-diſeaſe of Court ſpreads her infections
Through the whole Kingdome; flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the verge, is now
Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts
Are borne betweene our lips: The heart is made
A ſtranger to the tongue; as if it us'd
A language that ſhe never underſtood.
What is it to be witty in theſe dayes,
But to be bawdy, or prophane? at leaſt
A buſie? Wit is grown a petulant waſpe,
And ſtings ſhe knowes not whom, not where, nor why;
Spues Vinegar, and gall on all ſhe meets
Without diſtinction, buyes laughter with the loſſe
Of reputation, Father, Kinſman, Friend;
Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver
The idle Timpanies of a windy brain;
That beates and throbs above the paine of child-bed,
Till every eare ſhe meetes be made a Midwife
To her light Baſtard iſſue; how many times
Momolochus ſides, and ſhoulders ake, and groan!
He's ſo witty---here he comes--away--

Agro. His wit is dangerous, and *I* dare not ſtay. *Exit.*

SCEN. 5.

Momolochus.

Roſc. *This is the other extreame of urbanity*; Momolochus *a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it bee nothing but the baſe dregs of ſcandall, and a lump of moſt vile and loathſome ſcurrility.* Bird.

Bird. I, this is he we lookt for all the while!
Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne,
Here lyes her heathenish dominion,
In this most impious cell of corruption;
For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer *Lymbo*,
Where the black Devill and his dam Scurrility
Doe rule the rost, foule Princes of the aire!
Scurrility! That is he that throweth scandals,
Soweth, and throweth scandalls, as 'twere dust
Even in the Face of holinesse, and devotion.
His presence is contagious, like a dragon
He belches poyson forth, poyson of the pit,
Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poyson;
I will not stay, but fly as farre as zeal.
Can hurry me--the roose will fall and brain me,
If I endure to heare his blasphemies,
His graceless blasphemies.
Rosc. He shall vent none here;
But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him,
Flow. Stay brother, I doe find the spirit grow strong.
Col. Haile sacred wit!--Earth breeds not Bayes enough
To crown thy spatious merit.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. *Cratinus*, *Eupolis*, *Aristophanes*,
Or whatsoever other wit did give
Old *Comedies* the reins, and let her loose
To stigmatize what brow she plear'd with slander
Of people, Prince, Nobility--All must yeeld
To this triumphant brain.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. They say you'l lose a friend before a jest,
Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,
That is the true *Minerva* of this brain,

But

But is of greater value then a world
Of friends, were every payre of men we meet
A *Pylades* and *Oreſtes.*
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. Some ſay you will abuſe your Father too,
Rather than loſe the opinion of your wit;
Who would not that has ſuch a wit as yours?
'Twere better twentie Parents were expos'd
To ſcorn and laughter, then the ſimpleſt thought
Or leaſt conceit of yours, ſhould dye abortive,
Or periſh a brain-Embrio.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. How's this? that tongue growne ſilent that Syrens
Stood ſtill to admire?
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh-- (harmony,
Col. Twere better that the ſpheares ſhould loſe their
And all the Choriſters of the wood grow hoarſe:
What Wolfe hath ſpied you firſt!
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more than his, has ſtruck you dumb!
Malitious deity!
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh-
Cola. Goe in ſir, there's a Glaſſe that will reſtore
That tongue, whoſe ſweetneſſe Angels might adore.
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--
Roſc. Thus Sir you ſee how we have put a gagge
In the licentious mouth of baſe ſcurrility;
He ſhall not *Ibis*-like purge upward here,
T' infect the place with peſtilentiall breath;
We'le keep him tongue-tide; you, and all, I promiſe
By *Phœbus* and his daughters, whoſe chaſt zones
Were never yet by impure hands untied;

Our

Our language ſhall flow chaſte, nothing ſounds here
That can give juſt offence to a ſtrict eare.
Bird. This gagg hath wrought my good opinion of you.
Flow. I begin to think 'em lawfull re creations.
Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practiſe;
I'le flatter my deare ſelfe---O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kiſſe it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other halfe!
Selfe-love, *Narciſſus*, had not beene a fault,
Hadſt thou, inſtead of ſuch a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice,
And praiſe it into Alchymie, till it goe
For perfect gold, and cozen almoſt the touchſtone;
I can perſwade a toad into an Oxe,
Till ſwell'd too big with my *Hyperboles*
She burſt aſunder, and 'tis vertues name
Lends me a maske to ſcandalize her ſelfe.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe:
That art is great makes vertue guilty too.
I have ſuch ſtrange varieties of colours,
Such ſhifts of ſhapes, blew *Proteus* ſure begot me
On a Cameleon, and I change ſo quick
That I ſuſpect my mother did conceive me,
As they ſay Mares doe, on ſome wind or other.
I'le peep to ſee how many fooles I made,
With a report of a miraculous glaſſe.
--Heaven bleſſe me, I am ruin'd! O my brain
Witty to my undoing! I have jeſted
My ſelfe to an eternall miſery,
I ſee lean hunger with her meager face

Ride

Ride Poſt to overtake me, I doe propheſie
A Lent immortall; *Phœbus* I could curſe
Thee and thy brittle gifts; *Pandora*'s box
Compar'd with this might be eſteem'd a bleſſing.
The Glaſſe which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth,
The two extreames of every vertue there
Beholding how they either did exceed,
Or want of juſt proportion, joynd together,
And are reduc'd into a perfect Mean:
As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Phyſitian
Does take too different poyſons, one thats cold,
The other in the ſame degree of heate,
And blends them both to make an Antidote;
Or as the Lutaniſt takes Flats and ſharps,
And out of thoſe ſo diſſonant notes, does ſtrike
A raviſhing Harmony. Now there is no vice
Tis a hard world for *Colax*: what ſhift now?
Dyſcolus doth expect me—ſince this age
Is growne too wiſe to entertaine a Paraſite,
Ile to the Glaſſe, and there turn vertuous too,
Still ſtrive to pleaſe, though not to flatter you.
Bird. There is good uſe indeed-la to be made
From their Converſion.
Flow. Very good inſooth-la
And edifying.
Roſc. Give your eyes ſome reſpite.
You know already what our Vices be,
In the next Act you ſhall our vertues ſee.

Exeunt.

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1.

Roſcius. Flowrdew. Bird.

Flow. Now verily I find the devout Bee
May ſuck the hony of good Doctrine thence,

And

And beare it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
Gathers her impious Venome! I have pick'd
Out of the Garden of this play a good
And wholesome salad of instruction!
What doe you next present?
Rosc. The severall vertues.
Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues there!
Rosc. There be not.
Bird. Then I'le stay, I hate a vertue
That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall*-vertues,
Next to *Pope*-vertues are most impious.
Bishop-vertues are unwarrantable
I hate a vertue in a Morris dance.
I will allow of none but Deacon-vertues,
Or Elder-vertues.
Rosc. Those are Morall-vertues.
Bird. Are they lay-vertues?
Rosc. Yes!
Bird. Then they are lawfull,
Vertues in Orders are unsanctified.
Rosc. We doe present them royall, as they are
In all their state, in a full dance.
Bird. What dance?
No wanton Jig I hope, no dance is lawfull
But *Prinkum Prankum*!
Flow. Will vertues dance?
O vile, absurd, Maypole--Maid-Marrian vertue!
Rosc. Dancing is lawfull, &c.

Flourish.

Enter Mediocritie.

Flow. Who's this?
Rosc. It is the Mother of vertues.

Flow.

Flow. Mother of Pearle I think she is so gawdy,
Rose. It is the golden Mediocritie.
Flow. She looketh like the Idoll of *Cheap-side.*

Mediocritie.

Med. I am that even course that must be kept
To shun two dangerous gulfes; the middle tract
'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the small *Isthmus*
That suffers not th' *Ægean* tide to meet
The violent rage of the *Ionian* wave.
I am a bridge o're an impetuous sea;
Free, and safe passage to the wary step:
But he whose wantonnesse, or folly dares
Decline to either side, falls desperate
Into a certaine ruine,—Dwell with me,
Whose mansion is not plac'd so neere the Sun,
As to complaine of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
With his directer beames: nor so remote
From his bright rayes as to be situate
Under the Icy Pole of the cold Beare;
But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am she,
I am the golden Mediocritie:
The labour of whose wombe are all the vertues,
And every passion too commendable:
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they beare to severall objects:
Else had their names been one as are their features.
So when eleven faire Virgins of a bloud,
All Sisters, and alike grown ripe of yeares,
Match into severall houses, from each family,
Each makes a name distinct, and all are different:
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and bloud.

As

As if both roſes were confounded there.
Their ſtature neither Dwarfe nor Gyantiſh;
But in a comely well diſpos'd proportion;
And all ſo like their Mother, that indeed
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midſt of dangers I ſtand up
A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring,
Not ſo ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearfull of heaven's juſt anger when ſhe ſpeaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my Religion, ſhake to ſee my Country
Threatned with fire and ſword, by a ſtark coward
To any thing may blaſt my reputation:
But I can ſcorne the worſt of poverty,
Sickneſſe, Captivity, Baniſhment, Grim death,
If ſhe dare meet me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my countries cauſe upon my ſword
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civill blood, or cuſtomary danger;
Nor the fooles whetſtone, in experience;
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude!
Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleaſures,
And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths juſt ſtewards,
And call me *Liberality*; with one hand
I'le gather riches home, and with the other
Rightly diſtribute e'm, and there obſerve
The perſons, quantity, quality, time & place:
And if in great expences I be ſet
Chiefe Arbitreſſe, I can in glorious works,
As raiſing Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines,
Veſtures, and ornaments to Religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.

And to my country the like meane obſerve,
In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Caſtles, wals,
Conduits, Theaters, and what elſe may ſerve her
For uſe or ornament: and at home be royall
In buildings, Gardens, coſtly furniture,
In entertainments free and hoſpitable,
With a reſpect to my eſtate, and meanes,
And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence*;
As *Magnanimity*, when I wiſely aime
At greateſt honours, if I may deſerve'm,
Not for ambition, but for my countries good,
And in that vertue all the reſt doe dwell.
In leſſer dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over patient,
To put up ſuch groſſe wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that obſerve
What cauſe hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,
Look that it be not ſuddaine, nor too thirſty
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Then the offence, know my time when, where
I muſt be angry, and how long remain ſo;
Then, then you may firname me *Manſuetude*.
When in my carriage and diſcourſe I keep
The meane that neither flatters nor offends,
I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court
Gives name and ſhould doe being--*Courteſy*.
Twixt fly diſſembling and proud arrogance
I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth*.
Give me my ſword and ballance rightly ſwayd,
And *Iuſtice* is the Title *I* deſerve.
When on this ſtage *I* come with innocent wit,
And jeſts that have more of the ſalt then gall.
That move the laughter and delight of all,

Without

Without the griefe of one; free, chaste conceits,
Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberall,
Or contumelious slandyrs, I am then
The vertue they have term'd, *Urbanity:*
To whom if your least countenance may appeare
She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.

The Song.

SCEN. 2.

The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Medic. You have seen all my daughters, Gentlemen,
Chuse you wives hence; you that are Batchelours
Can find no better; and the maried too
May wed 'em yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the same wife, and the same man
May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie;
He that weds most is chastest; These are all
The daughters of my wombe; I have five more,
The happy issue of my intellect
And thence syrnam'd the intellectuall Vertues
They now attend not on their Mothers traine,
We hope they Act in each spectators braine.
I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one
My daughters deare companion—lovely Friendship
A Royall nymph; her we present not too,
It is a vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Choro cantantium.

SCEN. 3.

Bird. O Sister what a glorious traine they be
Flow. They seem to me the Family of love,
But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius?*
Rosc. There is! sent hither by the great Apollo
Who in the worlds right eye and every day
Set in this Car of light, survaies the earth

From East to West: who finding every place
Fruitfull in nothing but fantastique follies,
And most ridiculous humours, as he is
The God of Physick, thought it appertain'd
To him to find a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
And now grown Epidemicall: many Receits
He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*
In every Garden--But none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the *Muses* spring,
And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
Into a Christall--That being done, he makes,
A Mirrour with it: and instills this vertue,
That it should by reflection shew each man
All his deformities both of soule and body,
And cure 'em both--
Flow. Good Brother lets goe see it!
Saints may want something of perfection.
Rosc. The Glasse is but of one daies continuance
For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,
His Kingdome would grow empty (for ti's sin
That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em
Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing
As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)
They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
No longer then the Beasts of *Hyppanis*
That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
But *Phœbus* to requite the black Gods envy,
Will, when the Glasse is broke, transfuse her vertue
To live in Comedie--If you meane to see it,
Make haste--
Flow. We will goe post to reformation. *Exeunt.*
Rosc. Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare

As this poore labour--our diſtruſtfull Author
Thinks the ſame Sun that roſe upon her cradle
Will hardly ſet before her funerall:
Your gratious and kind acceptance may
Keepe her alive from death, or when ſhee's dead;
Raiſe her again, and ſpin her a new thread.

SCEN. 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes Religion ſin,
Sets zeale upon the rack, and ſtretches her
Beyond her length---Moſt bleſſed Looking-glaſſe
That didſt inſtruct my blinded eyes to day,
I might have gone to hell the Narrow way!
Bird. Hereafter I will viſit Comœdies;
And ſee them oft, they are good exerciſes!--
I'le teach devotion now a milder temper,
Not that it ſhall loſe any of her heat
Or Purity; but henceforth ſhall be ſuch *(Exeunt.*
As ſhall burn bright, although not blaze ſo much.

EPILOGVS.

Roſcius ſolus.

Y' Have ſeen The Muſes Looking-Glaſſe, *Ladies faire,*
And Gentle youths; and others too who ere
Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant
Your ſelves unto your ſelves ſtill to preſent.

A ſouldier ſhall himſelfe in Hector *ſee,*
Grave Councellours, Neſtor, *view themſelves in thee,*
when Lucrece *Part ſhall on our Stage appeare,*
Every chaſt Ladie ſees her ſhadow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glaſſes
will ſhew both fooles, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them: But we need not feare,
we doe not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire ſoule and a Beauteous face,
will viſit oft the Muſes Looking-Glaſſe.

FINIS.